

THE MENTOR

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S C O T L A N D

THE LAND OF SONG AND SCENERY

A TRIP AROUND THE WORLD

With DWIGHT L. ELMENDORF

Lecturer and Traveler

ROBERT BURNS COTTAGE

ABBOTSFORD

ELLENS ISLE

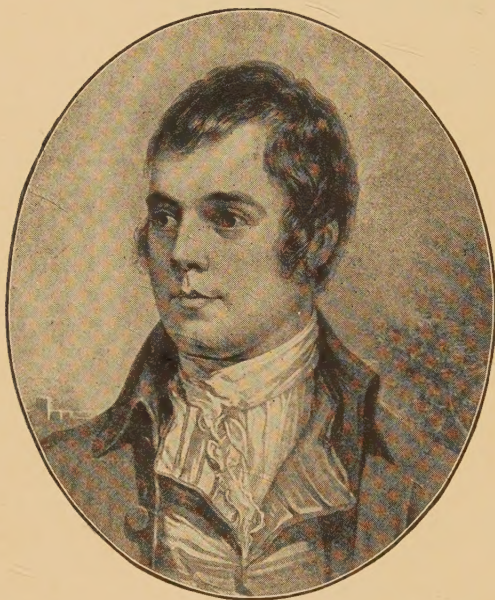
STIRLING CASTLE

MELROSE ABBEY

FINGALS CAVE

IN its contour and in its varied natural features Scotland is unique. It seems, indeed, as if Nature had shaped the land in a spirit of coquetry with the sea.

Though limited in territory, Scotland has a shore line thousands of miles in extent. Her coast is a series of inlets, firths, and sounds, and she has added to the irregularity of her shores by setting out innumerable beautiful islands that rear their rocky heads in the western sea. No one knows the full beauty of Scotland who has not visited the islands. Their picturesque and varied attractions pronounce them the true and natural offspring of the parent land.



ROBERT BURNS

Scotland has long been called the land of scenery and of song. The two are intimately associated. The scenery of Scotland has inspired many of her songs, and the songs have paid tribute in return by celebrating the beauty of the scenery in affectionate and eloquent phrase. The songs of Scotland breathe the life of the people and of the nation in a way that has won the sympathetic interest of the world. The prevailing note in Scottish song and literature is romance. The very name of Scotland is fragrant with romance. Its scenery is rich in romantic beauty and romantic associations, and its songs give eloquent expression to both.

And so the traveler in Scotland finds the charm of her scenery happily voiced for him, and as he wanders from one spot to another he can recall the lines that enhance its beauty. It may be "The Banks and Braes o' Bonnie Doon" or "Within a Mile of Edinboro' Town." Wherever he goes he may enjoy the scenery in companionship with the spirit of the poet who sang its praises.

To most of us Scotland means Wallace and Robert Bruce in heroic chivalry, and Walter Scott and Robert Burns in romance and in song. Most of the scenes and places that interest the traveler are associated with one or another of these four names.

THE HOME OF BURNS

The name of Robert Burns has a hold upon the people of Scotland and on those who visit there such as finds no parallel in any other country. This makes a visit to the small town of Ayr an incident of prime interest to the tourist. The Robert Burns Cottage is situated about two miles from the town, and it is kept with reverent care as a memorial. The building itself, low-roofed and humble, with its Burns mementos, is a veritable shrine for lovers of the poet.

The chief feature of the quaint old house is the little, low-ceilinged room in which Burns was born in 1759. You will be glad to linger there awhile. The impressions of the room will remain in your memory for all

time. As you note the humble simplicity of the scene you will get close to Burns, and you will feel the full meaning and appeal of his lines:

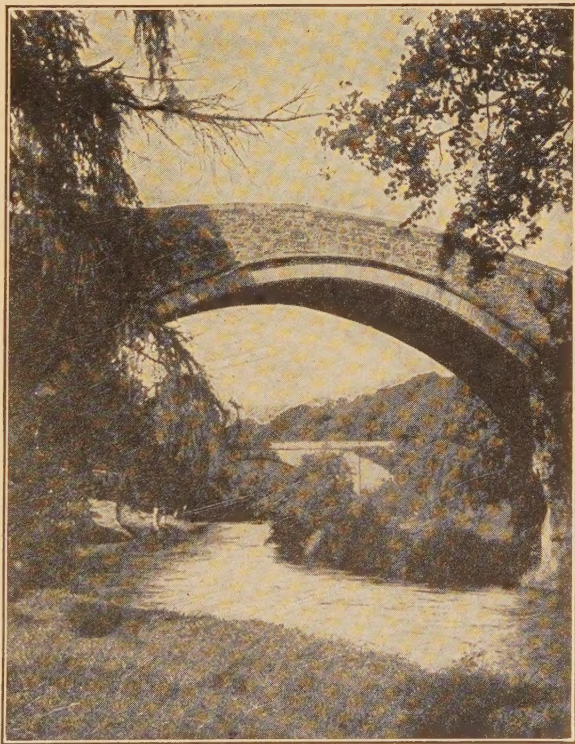
“Gie me a spark of Nature’s fire!
That’s a’ the learning I desire.
Then, tho’ I drudge thro’ dub an’ mire
At plow or cart,
My muse—tho’ hamely in attire—
May touch the heart!”

The whole country roundabout is full of Burns associations. A short distance off is Auld Alloway Kirk, where Burns’ father is buried, and where ‘Tam o’ Shanter, overcome by the spirits that he imbibed too freely, was assailed and pursued by spirits ghostly. A short distance beyond the church are two bridges over the Doon, the old bridge being celebrated as the one over which ‘Tam o’ Shanter made his escape from the evil spirits. In the garden near the bridges stands the formal but impressive Burns Monument.

Between that humble cottagedown the road toward Ayr, and the Greek monument in the garden, is told the story of a simple, sweet, singing bard, whose lines so completely filled the hearts of his fellowmen that the very scenes of which he sang have become endeared to all humanity.

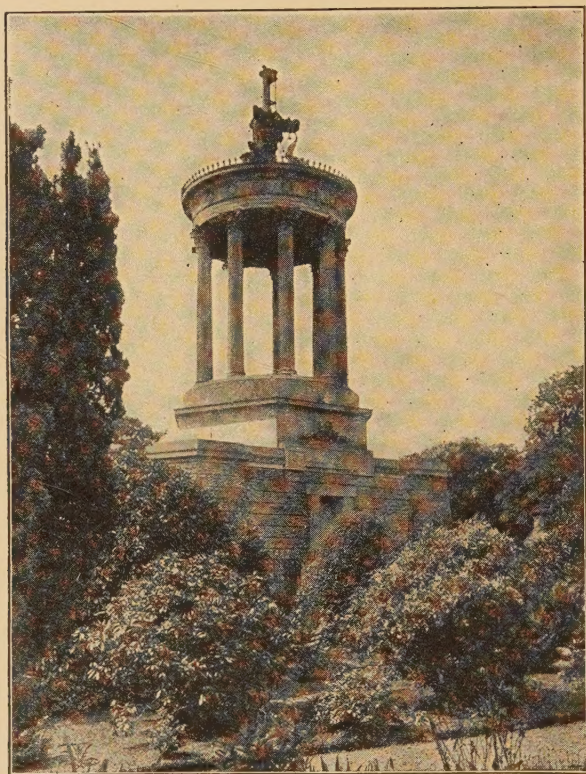
THE WALTER SCOTT COUNTRY

Between Loch Achray and Loch Katrine lies the Trossachs, beautiful in winding wooded roads and lake and mountain views—and famed chiefly for being Walter Scott’s own land of romance. It has often been said that one who has read Scott’s novels needs no guidebook in the Trossachs. Drive through this charming valley to Loch Katrine, a beau-



AULD BRIG O' DOON

The old bridge at Ayr, celebrated in Burns' lines.



THE BURNS MEMORIAL

Standing on a hillside park near the town of Ayr. In a room within the monument are a number of Burns relics, together with his bust and portrait.

tiful lake nearly ten miles long. From the east end steep cliffs ascend from the water's edge, and there, looking through the brilliant foliage on the bank, you can see the pretty little *Ellens Isle*, made immortal in Walter Scott's poem, "Lady of the Lake." This is one of the most "pictured" spots in Scotland. You will find it in any illustrated volume of Scott's poems. You will find it in color and in gravure, in large prints and on postcards, wherever you turn. It is the very heart of the Trossachs, and one of the most inviting spots in the British Isles—as attractive in its natural beauty as in the romantic associations that cast their spell about it.

MELROSE ABBEY

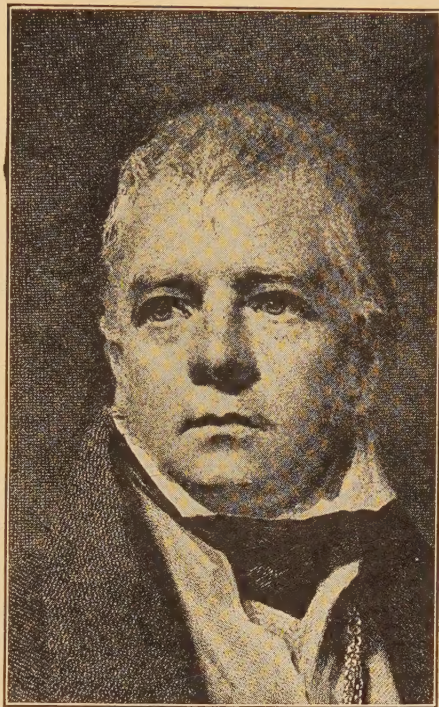
Hallowed by eight hundred years of history and immortalized by Walter Scott, Melrose Abbey stands today the most interesting, as well as the most beautiful, ruin in Scotland. It is the drawing attraction of the

little town of Melrose, situated on the Tweed. Enticed by the magic of Scott's lines, thousands visit the Abbey every year.

"If thou wouldst view fair Melrose aright,
Go visit it by the pale moonlight."

So firmly have these verses stamped themselves on the hearts of readers all over the world that tourists feel that their visit is not complete unless they have seen the Abbey "by pale moonlight." In response to this desire the Abbey is opened on moonlight nights for special visits.

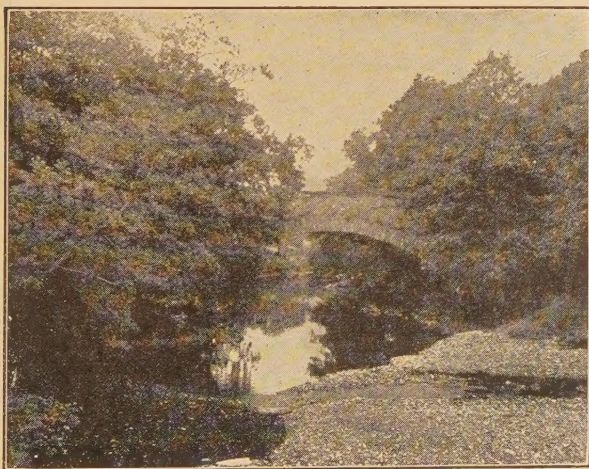
Melrose Abbey was founded by David the First, in the twelfth century. After being destroyed by Edward the Second, it was rebuilt by Robert Bruce in the fourteenth century. It was again destroyed and rebuilt in the following century. During the many years of its history it suffered dreadfully from the ravages of war. Armies of invasion from England ruthlessly assaulted its sacred precincts and destroyed its beautiful features. In spite of that, after being reconstructed several times, it holds its place as a beautiful example of architecture and a most picturesque ruin.



SIR WALTER SCOTT

THE HOME OF SCOTT

About three miles from Melrose, on the right bank of the Tweed, stands Abbotsford, a name most dear to readers of the Waverley novels. There the "Wizard of the North," as he was called, wrote his way into fame and fortune; there he lived when his fortune was



BRIG O' TURK, IN THE TROSSACHS

swept away with that of his publisher; and there in his old age he settled himself grimly to repay debts amounting to six hundred thousand dollars—all by the work of his pen. He finished this stupendous task in about six years. He discharged his debts honorably; but he gave his lifeblood to the task. Scarcely had he come clear of his debts when his pen fell from his hand, and, in the bright, sunny dining room of Abbotsford, he dropped wearily to sleep, with the waters of his beloved Tweed murmuring musically in his ears. He had kept faith with his creditors; he had paid the last penny; he had secured his home for his children—and his work was done.

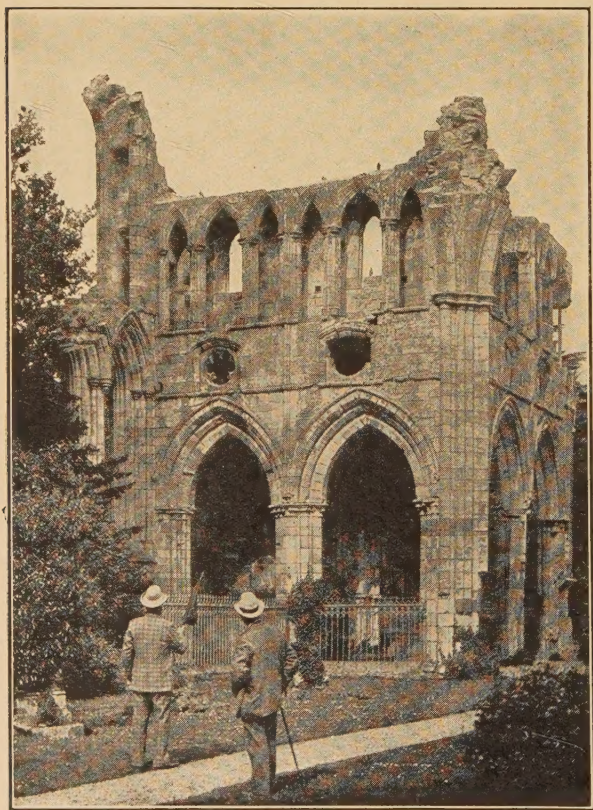
Attended by a funeral procession more than a mile in length, including the great that came from distant parts to do him honor, and the humble peasant neighbors that knew and loved him, Sir Walter Scott's body was borne reverently to Dryburgh Abbey, and in that beautiful ruin, a most appropriate spot, he now lies at rest.

THE CASTLES OF SCOTLAND

Two of the most impressive and picturesque castles of the world are in Scotland,—Stirling Castle and Edinburgh Castle.

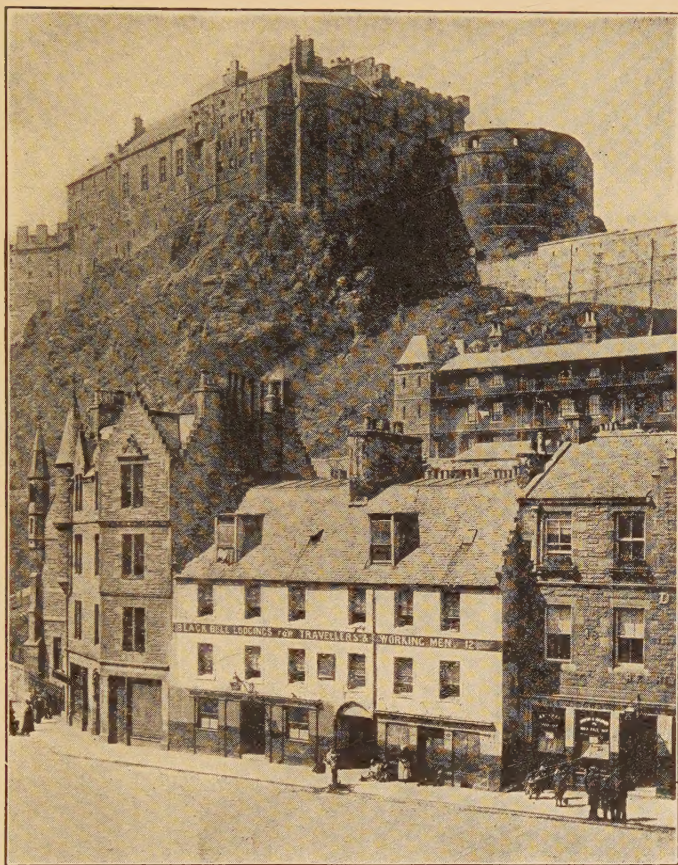
Stirling Castle is situated on the Firth of Forth about thirty-five miles above Edinburgh, and it was for years the favorite residence of Scottish sovereigns. It played a prominent part in the history of Scotland, and is intimately associated with the name of Robert Bruce, who recaptured the castle from Edward the Second of England, in the fourteenth century, after the battle of Bannockburn.

The castle, like that of Edinburgh, is situated on a lofty height. On the esplanade before it stands a statue



DRYBURGH ABBEY

Showing the location of Sir Walter Scott's tomb.



EDINBURGH CASTLE

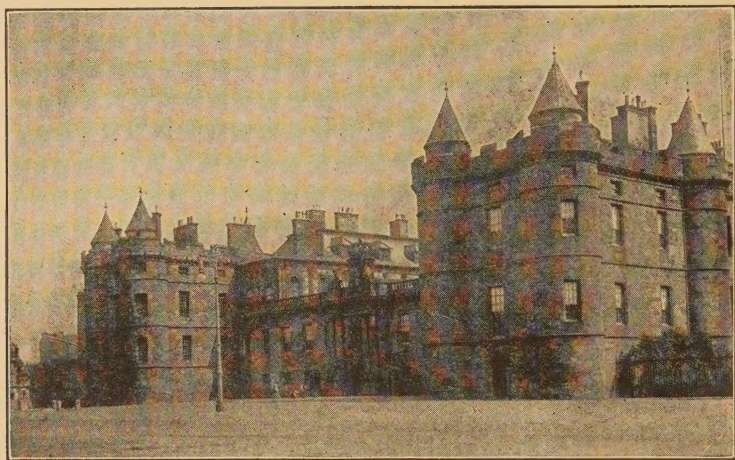
One of the most beautiful and impressive castles in Great Britain.

of Robert Bruce. The view from all sides is beautiful, and commands, on the west, a fair range of mountains, including Ben Lomond and Ben Venue, while on the south the battlefield of Bannockburn stretches away before the eye.

Edinburgh Castle, an ancient seat of Scottish kings, has a most magnificent situation on a rocky height above the city. On three sides the mountain on which it stands drops almost sheer. On the east it slopes gradually off toward Holyrood.

THE HOME OF MARY, QUEEN OF SCOTS

There at Holyrood we find the scene of one of Scotland's most affecting dramas,—the tragedy of Mary, Queen of Scots. Holyrood Castle,



HOLYROOD CASTLE

Associated with the most dramatic years in the life of the unfortunate Mary, Queen of Scots.

which was the unfortunate queen's home for many years, is part ruin and part in good repair and occupied. It is there that the visitor can see the bedroom of the fair young Scottish queen, and there also the spot where her unfortunate minstrel and counselor, Rizzio, was murdered. Holyrood is intimately associated with the memories of Mary, Queen of Scots, and all who have followed with interest her sad story and want to feel an impression of her actual presence should spend a day in and about the castle.

The modern Scottish home of British royalty is Balmoral, situated on an estate of ten thousand acres about fifty miles from Aberdeen. This beautiful palace was purchased by the Crown in 1852 from the Earl of Fife for one hundred and fifty thousand dollars. It was for years the favorite country home of Queen Victoria, and is now said to be the most cherished residence of British royalty.

THE SCOTTISH ISLES

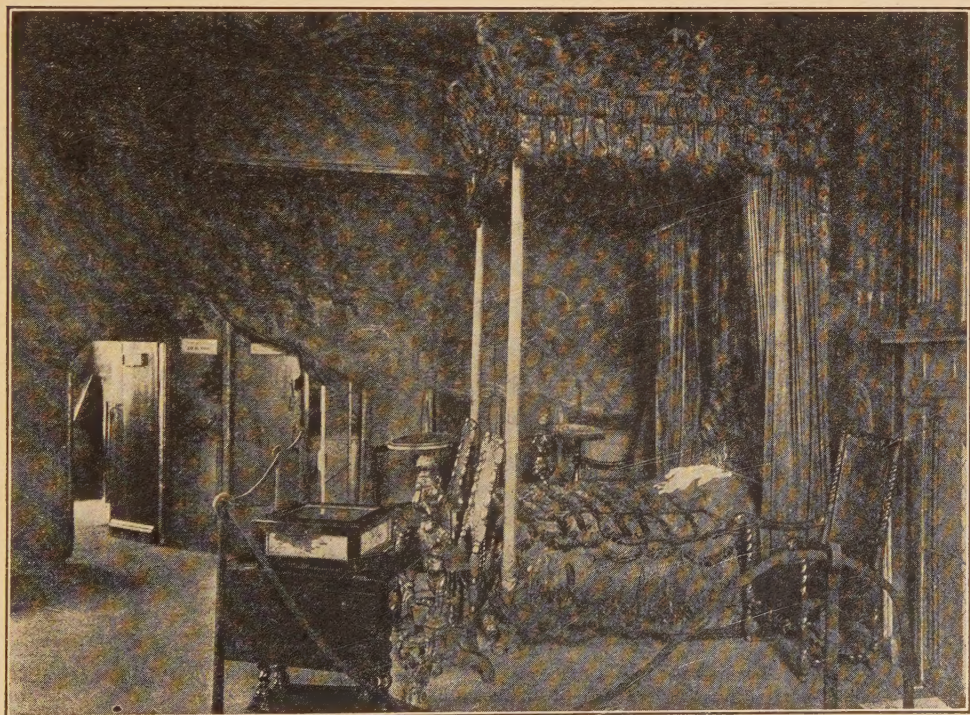
Months could be profitably spent in touring through the Isles of Scotland, and they would be months of unalloyed delight. Two small islands should be visited even in the course of the briefest Scottish tour, the Island of Iona, where Saint Columba, the missionary, landed from Ireland in 563, to begin his missionary work in Scotland, and on which are to be found the tombs of ancient Scottish, Irish, and Norwegian kings.

For over a thousand years the Island of Iona was the chosen "God's Acre" for the great chieftains. The land was held sacred on

account of Columba, and it was regarded as the securest spot on earth for mortal remains to rest in. Therefore the bodies of kings were taken there even from distant points in Ireland and in Norway, and for centuries Iona was the Mecca of religious pilgrims who went there to pray and to pay reverent tribute to the tombs of the great.

FINGALS CAVE

Historic interest will draw you to Iona; the interest of wild nature will attract you to Staffa. On the Isle of Staffa is Fingals Cave, one of Nature's curiosities, extraordinary in its formation and offering features of a wonder-compelling kind. The island is a rounded tableland which has been thrust up through the sea by volcanic action. It is about two miles in circumference, and rises nearly 150 feet above the surface of the ocean. The cave, which is crowned by a high arch of land, rises sixty feet above the sea, and through its interior length it varies from twenty to forty feet in width. Staffa has many caves; but the extraordi-

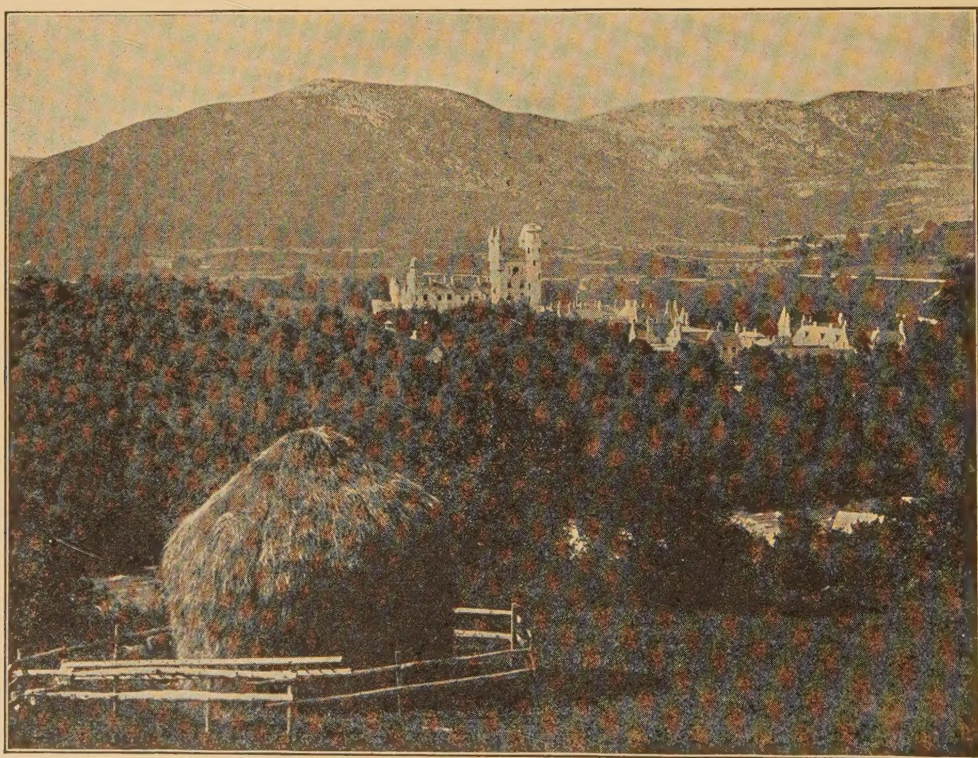


BEDROOM OF MARY, QUEEN OF SCOTS

Visited by many every year, this is the most interesting spot in Holyrood Castle.

nary size and character of Fingals Cave centers the interest of all visitors there. It is impossible in rough weather to enter the cave by boat. The method of visiting is to land some distance away and enter by a protected footpath. Once inside, the effect of surging, roaring waves overarched by echoing walls of basalt is most impressive. The basaltic columns—similar in formation to those of the Giants Causeway, across the sea on the coast of Ireland—rear themselves in parallel lines like a formidable palisade constructed for the support and protection of the cave.

We have visited but a few of the many places renowned for beauty and romance in the land of the heather. We have not seen Ben Nevis and the ruins of Inverlochy Castle; nor Swan Island in Loch Lomond; nor yet Lochleven Castle with its thrilling tradition of Queen Mary's escape.



BALMORAL CASTLE

The highland home of British royalty—Queen Victoria's favorite summer residence. Purchased by the Crown from the Duke of Fife.



TOMBS OF THE KINGS

A part of the historic old graveyard on Iona Isle. Among forty kings of Scotland buried here are King Duncan and Macbeth, made famous by Shakespeare.

“No warden’s fire shall e’er again
 Illume Lochleven’s bosom fair;
 No clarion shrill of armed men
 The breeze across the lake shall bear;
 But while remains a stone of thine,
 It shall be linked to royal fame,—
 For here the Rose of Stuart’s line
 Hath left the fragrance of her name.”

And while we have pointed out the unique attractions of the Scottish Isles, we have said nothing of the wild, romantic beauty of the Highlands. The picturesque old ruin of Linlithgow Castle, Bothwell Castle, Loch Ness, the noble Northern peaks and their surroundings—all have been celebrated in glowing prose and verse, and around them clusters history and romance enough to make many volumes.

It is not easy to sum up the beauties of Scotland within the space of a few pages. It is a land where Nature and Romance go hand in hand, Nature affording a background of rare beauty, while Romance invests it with vital human interest. Picture an ideal tour in which each day is filled with profit and pleasure, and all Nature’s resources in land, sea, and sky combine to delight you and draw you on—then call that tour a “Summer in Scotland.”

Scottish Impressions

IN THE HIGHLANDS

A covering of clouds rested on the large range of the hills of Morven, mists floated very near to the waterside, and were slowly shifting about. Yet the sky was clear, and the sea, from the reflection of the sky, of an ethereal or sapphire blue, which was intermingled in many places, and mostly by gentle gradations, with beds of bright, dazzling sunshine. Green islands lay on the calm water, islands far greener, for so it seemed, than the grass of other places; and from their excessive beauty, their unearthly softness, and the great distance of many of them, they made us think of the Islands of the blessed in the "Vision of Mirza"—a resemblance more striking from the long tract of mist which rested on the top of the steeps of Morven. . . . If there were trees near the shore they contributed little to the delightful effect of the scene: it was the immeasurable water, the lofty, mist-covered steeps of Morven to the right, the emerald islands without a bush or tree, the celestial color and brightness of the calm sea, and the innumerable creeks and bays, the communion of land and water as far as the eye could travel.

Dorothy Wordsworth, Sister of William Wordsworth.

FROM A WINDOW IN PRINCESS STREET, EDINBURGH

Above the crags that fade and gloom,
Starts the bare knee of Arthur's Seat;
Ridged high against the evening bloom,
The Old Town rises, street on street;
With lamps bejewelled; straight ahead,
Like rampired walls the houses lean,
All spired and domed and turreted,
Sheer to the valley's darkling green;
While heaped against the western gray,
The Castle, menacing and severe,
Juts gaunt into the dying day;
And in the silver dusk you hear,
Reverberated from crag and scar,
Bold bugles blowing points of war.

W. E. Henley.

SUPPLEMENTARY READING

THE LAND OF HEATHER	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	Clifton Johnson
SCOTLAND OF TODAY	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	T. F. Henderson and F. Watt
TALES OF A GRANDFATHER	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	Sir Walter Scott
SCOTLAND, HISTORIC AND ROMANTIC	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	M. H. Lansdale
HISTORY OF SCOTLAND	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	P. Hume Brown
A LITERARY HISTORY OF SCOTLAND	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	J. H. Miller

THE MENTOR ASSOCIATION
381 Fourth Avenue, New York City





FEW poets singing in dialect become world famous. This is true for the simple reason that a dialect poet is likely to be local—to write of local things—to avoid the universal. But Robert Burns—"poor Burns," as we think of him—was the exception. Who does not know "Auld Lang Syne" and all that it means? Or who

has not said to himself in his own way, "A man's a man for a' that?"

Robert Burns could not help but be a poet of the people—the "peasant poet." He was born close to the soil of Scotland. On January 25, 1759, he opened his eyes in a small cottage about two miles from Ayr, in Scotland. His father was only a small farmer, and Robert got very little education, but lots of hard work.

However, he managed to learn to read, and used to carry his books into the fields with him to snatch a few moments' reading during the day. At meal times he sat with a spoon in one hand and a book in the other. He liked best the ballads of Scotland—the old songs of the minstrels.

But in 1781 he went to Irvine to learn the trade of a flax-dresser. And it was there that he indulged two habits that clung to him all the rest of his life—drinking and falling in love. For the poet was a boon companion at a feast and a great heartbreaker—but his own heart was broken also many times.

His fortunes fell very low in 1786, and

he intended to sail for the West Indies, there to try to better them. But his first volume of poetry proved to be such a great success that he did not go. His poems took the people by storm. Everyone read them. He was invited to Edinburgh, where he became the lion of the hour.

But all this did not bring him in much money. Finally, in 1789 he got a position as excise officer. But as the years went on, and he grew wilder and wilder in his dissipations, friends drew away from him. His only companions were those of the lowest classes.

At last, on July 4, 1796, he knew that he was dying. He wrote on the twelfth to his cousin for a loan of fifty dollars, to save him from passing his last days in jail. He died on the twenty-first of July, 1796.

The Burns Cottage near Ayr is reverently preserved as a memorial to the poet. Here is the little room where he was born, and here are to be found many mementos associated with his life. This cot, built of clay by Burns' father, is a shrine for those who love the memory of the "peasant poet."





FIERCE looking man who had lost his way stood on a beach of snow-white pebbles near a beautiful little glassy lake and blew a loud blast on the bugle which he held in his left hand. And almost immediately he dodged into a nearby thicket of bushes and stood there peering forth at a little skiff that came gliding toward

the shore from underneath a gnarled oak tree overhanging the water. The only occupant of the boat was a beautiful young girl, who, after guiding it to a safe landing on the silvery strand, stepped gracefully out on the pebbles.

This was James Fitzjames' first sight of Ellen, the heroine of Sir Walter Scott's poem, "The Lady of the Lake," which has immortalized for all time Loch Katrine in the Trossachs, Scotland. There in the lake sleeps Ellens Isle, the pretty little island on which the girl lived—and last secret fastness of her fierce clan.

In the poem Fitzjames has become separated from his companions, and his bugle call is to summon them to his side from the hunt on which they are engaged. But before they come Fitzjames makes the acquaintance of the girl and goes to Ellens Isle with her—and that's the beginning of the romance that has made Scott's poem famous.

All the country round about Loch

Katrine has been made famous by Scott. Almost every spot has been the scene of one or more incidents in his novels. High above Callander rise Uamh Var, where the stag was started at the beginning of "The Lady of the Lake," and Ben Crackie, with the wild Bracklin Fall, within the roar of whose waters the seer of Clan Alpine wrapped himself in the white bull's hide to dream his dream. Northward from Callander lies the beautiful Pass of Seny, up which Duncraggan's heir rushed with the Fiery Cross, to thrust it, at the door of the little kirk of St. Bride, into the hands of the new-wed Norman, heir of Armandave. And westward from Callander lie Coilantogle Ford, where James Fitzjames fought Roderick Dhu; Lanrick Mead, the fierce clan's muster-place; and Duncraggan, scene of the Highland funeral.

The popularity of "The Lady of the Lake" has brought many visitors to Loch Katrine. This beautiful region is visited by hundreds of tourists each year.





AMONG the ruins of Melrose Abbey, ivy covered and deserted, lies buried the heart of Scotland's greatest king—Robert Bruce. Why is it there, so far away from his grave at Dunfermline? Bannockburn was the greatest achievement of Bruce's life. This decisive battle was fought on June 24, 1314. Robert Bruce was born in 1274,

at a time when Scotland was struggling fiercely to throw off the yoke of England under Edward I. Bruce grew up with the love of freedom strongly implanted in his heart. He was a natural leader.

Finally, his chance came. On March 27, 1306, he had himself crowned king of Scotland; but he was as yet a king without a kingdom. He gathered his supporters together and overran Scotland until only Berwick, Stirling, and Bothwell remained to the English. Edward I had died, and Edward II, a weak and unstable man, was on the British throne.

But even this weakling now saw that unless a strong blow was struck Scotland would be lost. He assembled his army and advanced on Bruce. And then Bruce, by a wonderful exhibition of strategy, rapidity of movement, and personal bravery, so decisively defeated him that the complete rout of the English determined the independence of Scotland and confirmed the title of Bruce.

After peace had been made the new king of Scotland proved himself as able a lawmaker as he was a warrior. But he did not live many years to enjoy his triumph. On June 7, 1329, he died of leprosy, contracted in the hardships of earlier life, and was buried at Dunfermline.

Now comes the story of the "Heart of Bruce." During his life he made a vow to visit the Holy Sepulcher. But he could not do this; so he begged Douglas to carry his heart there after his death. But the brave Douglas, on the way to the Holy Land stopped off in Spain to help the Spaniards against the Moors and was killed. However, the box containing Bruce's heart was recovered by Sir William Keith, and at last was brought back to Scotland and found a resting place in Melrose Abbey.

Melrose Abbey is eight hundred years old, and, though battered both by time and the assaults of many hostile armies, is still famous for its architecture. It is situated on the River Tweed, near the little town of Melrose.

Sir Walter Scott has immortalized this famous old ruin forever, when in "The Lay of the Last Minstrel" he describes the visit to Melrose Abbey of William of Deloraine, who had come to steal from the hand of the dead magician, Michael Scott, his book of magic.

How beautiful the abbey may have been we can only guess; but it is still picturesque, though the windows, once filled with wonderful stained glass, are now bare and desolate, and the only incense on its ruined altar is the breath of the wild rose.





MAN who at the age of fifty-five resolves to pay off a bankruptcy debt of six hundred thousand dollars must justly be regarded as a hero. Not many men, weakened in health and used to all the comforts, would attempt to do this—especially when the debt was incurred through no fault of their own, and when the law does

not force them to pay. Yet that is what Sir Walter Scott—the “Wizard of the North”—did, and so fiercely did he work at his writing—twelve, fourteen, and sixteen hours a day—that at his death six years later every penny of that colossal and heartbreaking debt had been paid.

The story of Abbotsford, the home of the great poet and novelist, of which he dreamed for years, and which he planned and built himself, is a drama, a tragedy itself. No sooner was the great house finished and the dream of his life complete than the crash of tremendous ruin fell on Scott.

It was on a bleak winter morning in 1826 that a friend called at Abbotsford and found the novelist terribly agitated.

“My friend,” said Sir Walter to him, “give me your hand; mine is that of a beggar.”

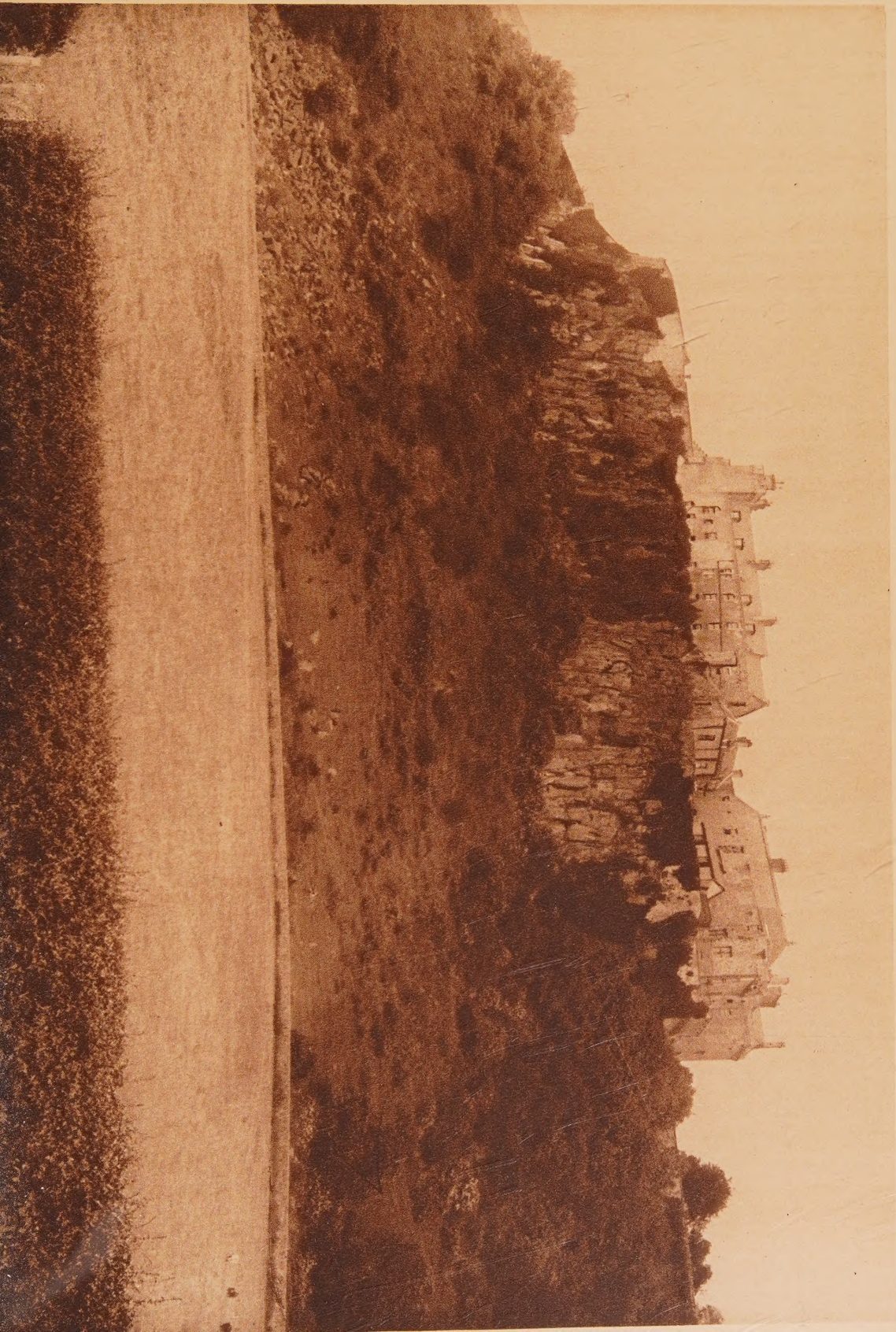
The publishing house with which he had been connected had failed, and Scott took upon himself the terrible burden of satisfying its creditors. It was an apparently hopeless task for a writer, and one in such a frail state of health as Scott, to accomplish. But where others would have yielded to Fate, he stood up to fight it,

and though the effort cost him his life he succeeded, and may truly be called the most heroic literary figure in the world.

Walter Scott was born at Edinburgh on August 15, 1771. His father wanted him to follow his own profession, that of a lawyer; but the boy wished to write. He wrote poetry at first; but according to the story turned to prose romance when he found that Lord Byron excelled him as a poet. It was in 1814 that a novel—“Waverley”—by an anonymous author, appeared. Its popularity swept like wild fire all over England. Book after book, all of the same excellence, was published. The secret of authorship was jealously kept by Scott—for what reason many guesses have been made—but at last his name was definitely connected with this great series—the “Waverley Novels.”

He prospered brilliantly for eleven years. And then came the crash of ruin. Scott put his shoulder to the wheel. His wife died soon after the struggle began; but, though sick at heart, he toiled on indomitably. Success was his in the end; but the struggle killed him.

It was on the twenty-first of September, 1832, that Sir Walter Scott died.



ONE Sunday morning in 1543 a pretty, helpless little girl baby less than a year old was seated on a throne in the spacious chapel of Stirling Castle in Scotland, surrounded by fierce, mailed men. A cardinal held a crown over her head; the tiny fingers were clasped for a moment about a scepter; a huge, unwieldy sword was buckled

round the little waist; and a noble spoke the words that created Mary Stuart queen of Scotland. Forty-four years later the stroke of a sword in the headsman's hands ended the life of this queen—one of the most beautiful and tragic figures in all history.

Besides the coronation of Mary Queen of Scots, Stirling Castle has seen many historic events. This old stronghold is situated on the Firth of Forth, some thirty-five miles above Edinburgh. It stands on a hill high above the town of Stirling. No one knows exactly how long ago it was built; but it is very, very old.

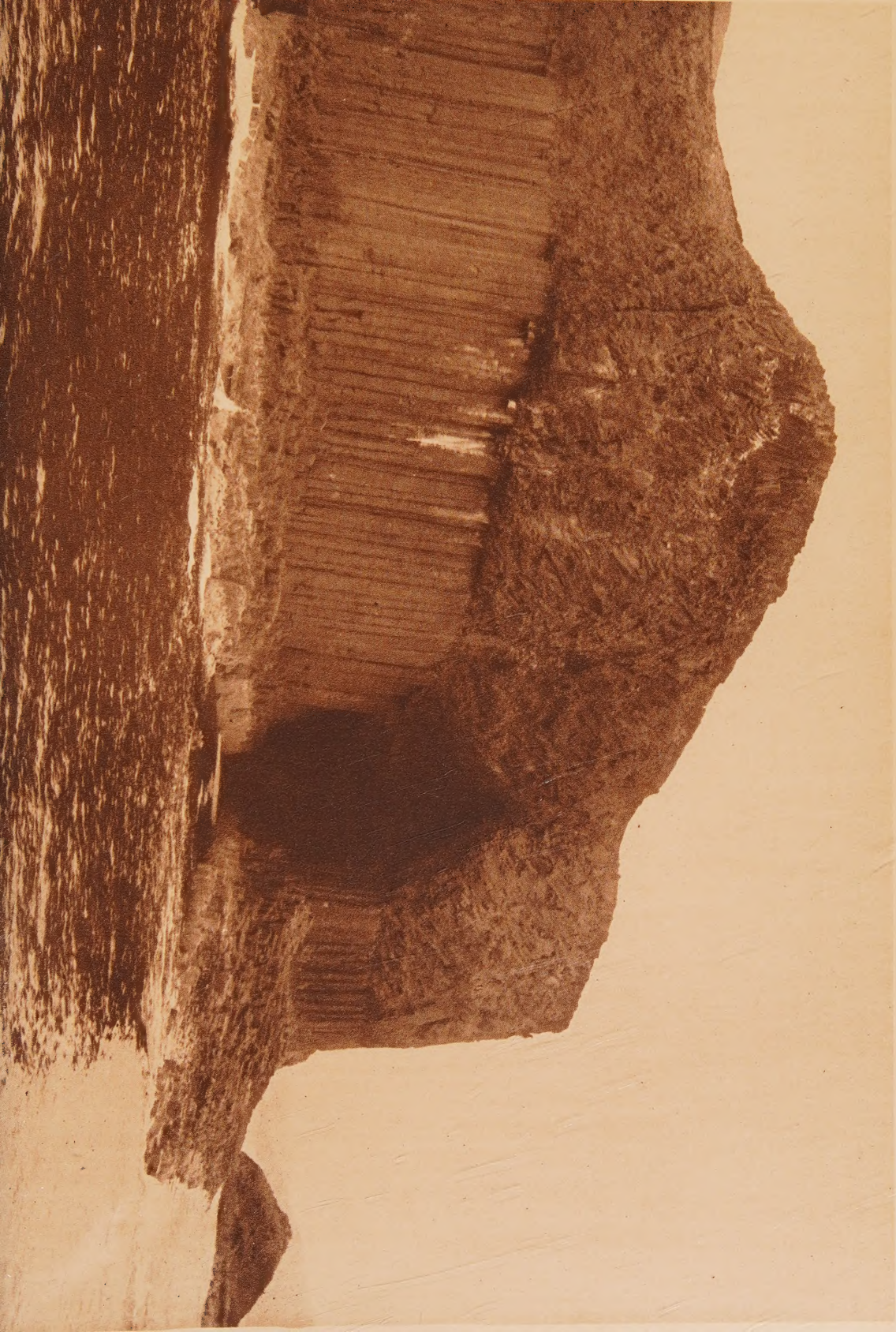
Away back in the time of the Romans these invaders of Britain had a station in the town of Stirling. Alexander II, king of Scotland, gave the town its first charter in 1226, and he made Stirling Castle the royal residence. During the wars of Scottish Independence the castle was besieged many times. Edward I of England captured it in 1304. For ten years after that it was held by the English; but Robert Bruce besieged it fiercely in 1314. Edward II, who was king of England at that time, was a weak ruler, and he knew that if the Scots captured Stirling Castle they would probably win their freedom. So he

gathered an army and marched north. But he was so badly beaten by Bruce at the battle of Bannockburn that the Scots won their independence, and Bruce became their king. On the esplanade before Stirling Castle stands a statue of this great man.

The tragic story of the execution of Mary Stuart, who was crowned at Stirling, is one of the most pathetic episodes in history. Condemned on an unjust charge, she was sentenced to death by Elizabeth, queen of England. The final scene in the life of the beautiful queen of Scotland took place in Fotheringay Castle in England. As Mary approached the block, the melancholy sweetness of her beauty touched every heart. Even her executioners knelt and begged her to forgive them for the sad duty that they were forced to perform.

"I forgive you with all my heart," sadly replied Mary.

She knelt down and laid her head upon the block amid a tense silence, broken only by an occasional sob. A moment later the chief executioner held up her head, exclaiming, "So perish all the enemies of Queen Elizabeth."





INGALS CAVE is a part of the Scotland end of the Giants Causeway, which was supposed to have once led from Ireland to the Isle of Staffa. They say that Fin MacCoul, or Fingal, as he is called, built the Giants Causeway. Fingal was an Irish giant—the champion hero of all the Emerald Isle. He wanted to fight Ben-

nandonner, another giant, so he built the great causeway from Scotland to Ireland. It is written that Fingal won. In tradition he is the hero of both Ireland and Scotland.

Fingals Cave is the most famous of the many natural caverns on the Isle of Staffa, one of the western islands of Scotland. This island is three-quarters of a mile long, and about one-third of a mile wide. No one lives there; but every weekday during the summer a steamer takes tourists over to see the famous cave.

There are other caverns on Staffa; but Fingals Cave is the best known. Its columns are of basalt, and are six sided in shape. These columns are so regular that it seems hardly possible that the force of the waves alone could have formed them. But that is the fact; although not many years ago some one rushed into print to say that the ancient inhabitants of Scotland and the islands nearby had dug out all these caverns themselves. He even gave a lecture in New York City (charging

a dollar a seat, the proceeds to go toward building a pedestal for the Statue of Liberty) to give his theories to the world. Unfortunately for him he did not know very much about geology, and could not prove his theories to be correct.

It was also stated by another theorist that the columns of the Giants Causeway were petrified growths of bamboo; but this idea too had only a short life.

Fingals Cave was discovered in 1772 by Sir Joseph Banks, who visited Staffa on his expedition to Iceland. The cave is on the southern face of the island. It is 66 feet high and at the entrance 42 feet broad. It runs back into the land a distance of 227 feet, and is only 2 feet wide at the end.

Seals and sea birds haunt the cave, and the murmur of the sea gave it the name in Gaelic of "The Cave of Music." But when the weather is stormy the cave roars in anger. This is due to the air within being compressed by the waves, and then rushing out.